SAVANNAH COURIER.

Entered at the Post-Office at Savannah as Second Class Matter.

VOL. XII.—NO. 3. SAVANNAH, HARDIN COUNTY, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1896. One Dollar Per Year.

A WEDDING TOMBSTONE.

BY CLARICE L. CLINGHAN.

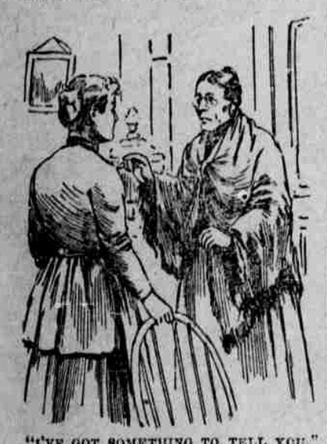
O you never heard tell of Melindy Barbour's w e d d i n' tombstone?" said grandma, in a tone of surprise. "For the land's sake, I thought everybody knew about that."

I confessed the most abject ignorance and immediately drew up to the fire. This was partly to gain information and partly because, although the fireplace was wide and deep-throated and big logs were blazing in it, there were biting draughts of stinging air coming in at the loosely-fitting door. For grandmother would not be persuaded to leave the home that had been hers for 50 years, and which now showed some signs of decay. She sat knitting vigorously by the firelight, for, although she had all the modern conveniences of heating and lighting, her big fireplace cast its ruddy glow out into the room through all the long winter evenings. I was an angular schoolgirl of 15 then, with a great love of the romantic, and was on a four weeks' visit at the old homestead. It seemed never to occur to grandma that, having been raised in a different part of the country, the happenings at Ragged Corner (where she lived) would naturally be unknown to me. She always expressed fresh surprise at my ignorance on these subjects. After knitting a few minutes in silence, she began:

"You've seen the old stone house down on the bank of the river, all shut in with pines and evergreens? It's nigh a hundred years old. When I was born it had been built ten years. When I was a young married woman the Barbours came to live there, and they were proud, high-feelin' people that nobody could get acquainted with. That's what made 'em take it so dretful hard when—but here I am, way head of my story. You see, Mr. Barbour embezzled or did something of that kind, and went to prison.

"Then his wife and little boy shut themselves up in the stone house and never went outside the gate hardly. She's had a good deal of schoolin', his mother had, and she taught him herself as long as she could, and then he bought books and studied by himself. He tried going to school when he was a small boy, but one of the scholars threw it at him about his father, and Mortimer nearly killed him, and after that his mother kep' him home. And she was such a proud woman, was Mis' Barbour, and lofty and severe in her ways. She wouldn't let nobody sympathize with her, which everybody wanted to, as there's so little going on in a place like Ragged Corner. Mis' Barbour was real selfish with her grief, so she got herself disliked, besides folks bein' suspicious after the way her husband turned out. What did they live on? Oh, the boy farmed it, and later they do say he wrote books on what they called natural history, though to my mind it was the most unnatural stuff I ever heard tell of—all about beetles and bugs with 300 muscles in their heads, and as could carry 1,200 times their own weight on their own backs, which everybody knows he must have got up as he went along. They were dretfully taken up with each other, he and his mother, and she believed everything he said was so, even about the bugs and beetles. But she was his own born mother, and that explains it.

"When she died, Mortimer liked to went crazy. He planted her grave with vi'lets and pausies, and at the head was a white marble monument he had gone to the city for—nothing nearer would suit him. But he didn't display no taste. Nothing on it, my dear, but the old lady's name and the date she died—not



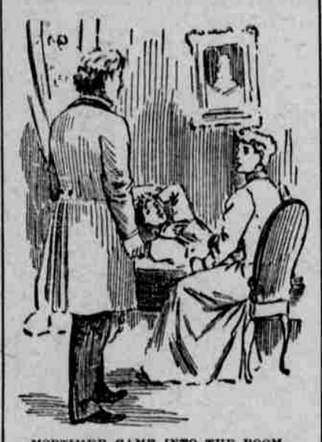
"I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU."

an angel, nor a cherub, or a lamb, or a broken rosebud, nor a bit of verse. And yet he always seemed to set store by her.

"Now, he was the last man in the village I'd ever said would got married But as sure as you set there, when the little milliner, Melinda McAllister, came into the place he was struck. That wasn't nothing strange—all the young fellows was—but, mind you, she was struck, too. No, you wouldn't 'a' thought it. Everybody warned her, and told her about his father's hangin' himself in prison, and how queer his mother was, and that Mortimer was as odd as Dick's hat band and wouldn't come to no good. She listened, with her eyes big and cool and a little hot patch of red on her cheeks like a daub of paint, but she never said a word. That was Melindy McAllister all over, never to say a blessed word, but go and do just as she saw fit. First we knew they was engaged, and it was given out in meeting. Next day her aunt she lived with came in to see me and wrung her hands, sayin' she wouldn't be surprised if Melindy was murdered before the year was out. What can you think of a man who lives like a hermit and had a crooked father and a peculiar mother?

"But we wasn't prepared for the worst. A day or two before the wedding in comes old Mis' Johnson and says: 'Shut up the doors tight,' says she, 'and the winders. I've got something to tell you that'll make your hair rise up,' she says, whisperin'-like. So I shut the door, she a-workin' her hands together like one possessed. 'It's about Melindy,' she went on. 'He's been and got a tombstone for her.' 'Who?' asked I, as if I didn't know, but my knees knocked together and I felt a bit sick. 'Mortimer Barbour,' says she. 'My grandson, Johnnie, was after a bird's nest in a tree over in his yard. The limb broke, and down he went right onto the roof of the old cornhouse, that hasn't been used for years. It went in under him like tinder, and as soon as he could pick himself up and found no bones broke, what should he see but a new white gravestone a-settin' up quite pert in a corner against some rubbish. He went up to it, and he says as true as the Bible he saw "Melinda Barbour" cut on it, and the date she is a-goin' to die.' 'I don't believe it,' says I, but I was all a-faint, and had to go and make us each a cup of tea, so we could bear up under it.

"As soon as I said I didn't believe it Mis' Johnson said we'd go ourselves and see. And we did go, Mortimer bein' away in the fields, and got into the cornhouse. It was towards dark, and we shook with the cold, though it was a warm day in June. We'd brought a bit of candle with us, and Mis' Johnson



MORTIMER CAME INTO THE ROOM.

lit it, and then we saw—land sakes, child, how scairt you look; don't get so near the fire, honey, you'll be all ablaze. Where was I? Oh, we saw the stone, just as Johnnie said, a real gravestone of white marble, and on it the name 'Melindy Barbour,' with the date 'Sept. 5, 18—,' below it. But the rest we couldn't make out. 'He's going to let her live three months, may Heaven forgive him,' says old Mis' Johnson, meanin' different from what she said.

"The next day I went to Melindy, and told her the whole truth. And would you believe it, she said she thought Mis' Johnson and I had no business prying about other people's affairs? 'If he had bought me a thousand gravestones I'd have him just the same,' says she. So they were married the next day in the meeting house, but Melindy was white as a ghost, and she trembled so she could hardly walk. They went right away on the cars, and we threw some old shoes after 'em, but all the wishin' of joy was make believe, and I never saw a bride with such a white, set face, never looking at her husband nor yet at us.

"They was away nearly three months; then they came back to the old house. But folks said they wasn't happy, that she was as cold as a stone, and he was always at his books and old insects. One day I got a letter askin' me to come and see her. She was lyin' down on a lounge when I got there, white and so thin, with big eyes with a sorry, hungry look in 'em. But she had on a smart gown, and was as pretty as a pictur. As soon as we'd shaken hands and I'd taken off my bonnet and mantilla, she says: 'Do you know what day to-morrow is?' Then I thought it up, and said it was the 5th of September. 'The day I am to die,' she says in a soft, quiet way. Then I up and asked her if Mortimer had been ill-treatin' her, but she put up her finger, and said: 'Not a word to my husband; he doesn't know I know it.' Then she said he was awful good to her, but she couldn't get that gravestone out of her head day or night. All at once it came to me how matters was; she'd been too proud to give him up, besides her likin' him, too; and she'd been too proud to tell him about it; and so betwixt the two the poor child was almost beat out. She asked if I would go out to the cornhouse with her to see the stone. She wanted to see it and was afraid to go alone.

"Then a queer thing happened. Mortimer had come into the next room while she'd been talkin', and heard every word. I never saw anybody so stirred up as he was when he came in. 'Is that tombstone what has stood between us?' he said, and went on to explain that he had ordered it for his mother. He was such a bad writer that the stone-cutter mistook the name Malviny for Melindy, and after the stone was half done it was found out, and they made him pay for it. So, as it was his, they brought it to him, and not knowin' what to do with it, he'd just set it up in the cornhouse and forgot all about it. Melindy, she began to cry, and then they fell to huggin' and kissin' each other, as if they hadn't met for years. I tried to put in a word to ca'm 'em, but they saw me without seeing me, and heard me without hearing me, so I put on my bonnet and mantilla and came away and left 'em.

"After that? Dear me, they was the happiest couple you ever saw. They used the gravestone for a front doorstep, wrong side up, and it was real pretty. Melindy was dretful proud of him, and believed every word he wrote about them bugs and beetles, just as his mother did, which only goes to show that the old sayin' is true, that love is blind."—Boston Black Cat.

MINE DROPS SILVER FOR GOLD.

Transformation of a Utah Mine to Suit the Market.

The town of Mercur, formerly called Lewiston, which is about four hours' ride by rail from Salt Lake City, is now the center of the coming great gold mining camp of Utah. It is situated in what is known as the Camp Floyd mining district, and though about two years have elasped since the revival of the camp, the town now claims 135 families. Formerly it was known as a silver camp, but to-day it is as a gold camp that it must be considered, and as a gold camp possessing features peculiarly its own, which distinguish it in a marked degree from all other gold sections known, in that gold contained in its ores seems to be absolutely free from all association with silver and practically 999 fine.

The extent of the area covered by the Mercur belt is as yet unknown, but positive developments of great value have been made upon it at a distance of from five and one-half to six miles from one another. The ore bodies appear to lie upon the planes of contact of the limestone along which places the mineralized water undoubtedly found access to the limestone upon and in which the ores are found. They carry a very high percentage of silica, which by process or replacement has taken the place of the lime in the beds, depositing at the same time with it the other mineral constituents, such as gold, mercury, arsenic, iron and gypsum. On the average the gold contents of the ore are not high, the values running from a trace to one or two dollars per ton upon the surface to from seven to twelve dollars at a more or less increased depth. It is, however, the fact of their being found in such large quantities, combined with light mining and milling cost, and their ready susceptibility to the action of a weak solution of cyanide of potassium, that renders the future of this camp so promising. There are at present but three companies whose mines are equipped with mills in operation.

The chief obstacle to the entire section is the comparative scarcity of water, but this difficulty will soon be obviated by the piping of water from Ophir creek, a distance of five or six miles, into the camp for both domestic and milling purposes. The line will have a theoretical capacity sufficient for the treatment of 3,500 tons of ore per day. This work is now in process of construction and demonstrates the confidence that capital in this section has in the permanency and future greatness of the camp.—Detroit Free Press

THE STUDY OF BACKS.

A Man's Face May Deceive, But His Back Is Said to Tell It All.

There is much fascination in studying palmistry or phrenology or physiognomy, but we doubt if many persons have ever attempted to study the backs of men and women. In the Commonwealth Erving Winslow has an article upon this subject, which is fanciful if not profound. Most people will be inclined to doubt the foundation of such a statement as this: "In a large assembly one would hardly go wrong in a majority of cases, in gathering up a general idea from the backs of those before him of the actual tone of thoughts and words, as well as of temperament and disposition." Where does the skill and experience of the tailor show, if not in making the back of the wealthy rum-seller's coat greatly resemble that of the college president?

Continuing, the writer says "that engagements have been predicted, tragedies in affairs prognosticated, coming events of the most various and sometimes complicated kinds foreshadowed by speaking backs." The reader longs for instances to freshen his memory upon this point. Yet there is much of interest in this article, and a possible study of much novelty is suggested by it. These few words will suffice to give an idea of the range of observation covered in this entertaining article:

"So as we stand or sit behind our friends, with an observant eye, we catch them off their guard, and often unwillingly play the eavesdropper. The study of physiognomy has been so engrossing that bodily expression receives little attention except from specialists. As the face only is exposed, this is natural enough, and, were mankind simple and pure, its features and their modulations would certainly convey the most concentrated indications of character and emotion. When we cover it with a mask, however, the person, and especially the back, being forgotten by its possessor, though concealed by clothing, exposes the truth more fully than the countenance. Think of the vain backs, with their conscious wriggle, the high shoulders of conceit, the bridling neck of pride, the dishonest cringe; and the bending of reverence, the droop of courtesy, and the bowing of modesty, the inclinings of affection, the distortions of labor and of pain."—Boston Journal.

What Peter Did.

Peter is the name of a theatrical manager who engaged a vocalist by the name of Cocke to give three concerts. The hall was well filled on the first night, and as Cocke's ability as a vocalist was not very great, there were still more vacant benches when Cocke sang for the second time. There was nobody present on the third night except deadheads, much to the disgust of the manager, Peter, who suffered great pecuniary loss. However, among the deadheads was a local reporter who had a great fund of wit; so next day Peter was consoled by reading in the morning paper, that when Cocke crew for the third time Peter went out and wept bitterly!—Texas Siftings.

In a Precarious Condition.

Deacon Dyer—I guess Brother Goodleigh is not feeling well.

Deacon Wyle—What makes you think so?

Deacon D.—He did not go to sleep during the services this morning.—Puck.

WAYS OF VICIOUS HORSES.

Veteran Trainer Gives His Plan of Breaking a Wicked Beast.

The other day I happened to be in a circle of men who were all lovers of horses and were posted on many peculiarities of the equine nature.

"Do any of you gentlemen know of a sure way to cure a horse of kicking?" said the down-easter, addressing the others deferentially.

"Why," answered the New York horse dealer, "I always do it by tying part of the horse's tail to the shaft. That usually fixes him."

"Yes," remarked the man from the plains, "that's one way, but I know a better one."

"Hold on a minute," I interrupted. "I want to understand why tying a horse's tail to the shaft will prevent him kicking."

"That's easy enough," said the New Yorker. "You see, a horse can't kick until he gets his head down and his tail up—isn't that so, gentlemen?"

The others assented.

"But why can't he?" I persisted.

"Simply because he can't; no horse ever did. Consequently, when you tie his tail down you upset his calculations. My idea is that he gets so distracted studying what's the matter with his tail and trying to lift it when he can't that he forgets to kick."

"Very likely," said the down-caster. "Now, what's your way?"

"Why," answered the man from the plains, "the way we fix a kicking horse is to tie one of his forelegs with a rope to the hind leg on the other side. Then as soon as he starts to kick he jerks his front leg off the ground and goes down in a heap. Two or three doses of that treatment will cure the worst case you can find."

The talk ran along for a little while, and presently came to the best method of dealing with a balky horse. Various old-fashioned ways were suggested, and finally the down-caster went them all one better with the following system, which he claimed as his own:

"It's a nice little trick. You walk up to a horse's head and pretend to fool around a little, and then, as quick as you can, run a pin through the tip of one of his ears and let it stay right there. You know, the ears are a horse's tenderest point; he can't do anything without his ears; he can't think without his ears. Well, as soon as the pin goes through his ear you can make up your mind that he knows it, because it hurts. He probably thinks it is some new kind of a fly that won't shake off, and the whole force of his mind is centered in getting away from that fly, so he does the only thing there is left—that is, tears away at full speed. I don't believe that scheme ever failed. There are balky horses that will let you build a fire under them without moving, but there ain't any that'll stand still and let you stick a pin through one of their ears."

"Do you mean to say that there ever was a balky horse that would stand still when there was a fire burning under him?" I asked, incredulously.

"Certainly I do. They won't let the fire burn 'em, though; they simply kick it away with their hind legs as fast as you can build it up."

"What is your way for making a horse stop biting?" asked the New York man.

"Why, the pin'll answer just as well as before. When a horse snaps at you, catch him by the nose and run the pin right through between the nostrils. He'll stop biting fast enough. If he begins again, do the same thing once more, and before long you will have him cured for life."—Pittsburgh Leader.

Walrus Whiskers.

A peculiar but profitable industry which Dr. Benjamin Sharp discovered among the natives of Alaska on his recent trip to the Behring sea is the preparation and sale of walrus whiskers for toothpicks. Nature has armed the walrus with a growth of whiskers which extend three or four inches out from its snout, with the apparent motive of enabling it to detect the presence of an iceberge before actual contact has resulted. These whiskers are quite stiff and this quality improves with age. When a walrus is killed the natives proceed to pull out, with the aid of rude pinchers, each separate whisker. After a thorough drying they are arranged in neat packages and exported to China, where they are considered a necessary appurtenance of the Chinese dude.—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Knew It Was True.

"Ah," said Mr. Ayteful, as he sat smoking his after-dinner cigar, "there is nothing in all of life's blessings comparable to a good wife. I know this to be true."

His marital partner came and stood behind his chair and laid both hands softly on his shoulders.

"Yes, I know it to be true," continued Mr. Ayteful, "for Mr. Simmonson told me so, and I never knew him to tell a lie in his life."

It was only one hand this time that the sharer of his joys and sorrows laid on his ear, and not so softly at that.—Indianapolis Journal.

Napoleon's Religious Impressions.

With the advance of years Napoleon's earlier religious impressions, always vague, had degenerated into a mild and tolerant deism; less than a fortnight after Austerlitz he found time to reprimand sharply a member of the institute for printing atheistic books; but the orthodox faith of western Christendom, with its attendant morality, was for him, after all, only an important social phenomenon of which atheism would be destructive.—Prof. W. M. Sloane, in Century.

Unforgivable.

"But you ought to forgive his pulling your nose. He was so intoxicated he didn't know what he was doing."

"Didn't know what he was doing? Do you mean to tell me that when a man hunts around for ten minutes until he finds the tongs and pulls my nose with them that he doesn't know what he is doing?"—Indianapolis Journal.

PITH AND POINT.

"Why, I always thought that it was paresis that caused a person to dye his hair," said Wilkins.—Harper's Bazar.

—"I read in a medical article the other day," said Hawley, "that paresis was often caused by dyeing the hair."

—Mr. Persentski—"Vell, if dat girl preaks dot grockery any more, deduct it from her vages." Mrs. Persentski—"Should I scharge a brofit on it?"—Puck.

—Customer—"There are only two oysters in this stew." Waiter—"That's stew bad." Customer—"And neither of them is good." Waiter—"That's too bad."—Philadelphia Record.

—Comforting.—A—"Why so downcast, doctor?" D—"A patient whom I began to treat yesterday has just died." A—"Oh, don't worry about that; he might have died anyway."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Calinaux and Guibollard, who are of the same age, concluded to bet on their longevity. "I shall go to your funeral." "I shall go to yours." "What is your bet?" "A champaigne supper."—Le Figaro.

—"I wonder," said the man who had been out for the evening, "why some bright women marry such insignificant husbands?" "William," she said, admiringly, "you are really too modest; you nearly do yourself an injustice."—Washington Star.

—Hicks—"I see they've arrested young Geevus for pilfering nuts and apples off the street peddlers' stands. It'll go hard with him, won't it?" Wicks—"I don't know; it looks like a clear case of heredity. His father was a policeman, you know. The fact will be urged in extenuation."—Boston Transcript.

—"Papa." (She knelt beside the dejected figure and fondly kissed the drooping head.) "Papa, can I not keep the wolf from the door with my singing?" He was without hope, although he smiled. "My child," he sighed, "your singing would keep almost anything from the door, but the wolf is pretty nervy."—Detroit News-Tribune.

CIVILIZATION A FAILURE.

Dr. Petrie's Sensation Before the British Scientists.

The most important address made at the recent session of the British Association of Scientists was that of Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie, D. C. L., LL. D., Edwards professor of Egyptology at University college, London. Dr. Petrie is one of the most celebrated of British anthropologists. His address was on "Race and Civilization" and in the course of it he said:

"The foremost principle which should be always in view is that the civilization of any race is not a system which can be changed at will. Every civilization is the growing product of a very complex set of conditions, depending on race and character, on climate, on trade and every minutia of the circumstances. To attempt to alter such a system apart from its conditions is impossible. No charge is legitimate or beneficial to the real character of a people except what flows from conviction and the natural growth of the mind. And if the imposition of a foreign system is injurious how miserable is the forcing of a system such as ours, which is the most complex, unnatural and artificial that has been known, a system developed in a cold country amid one of the hardest, least sympathetic and most self-denying and calculating of all people of the world. The result is death; we make a dead house and call it civilization. Scarcely a single race can bear the contact and the burden. And then we talk complacently about the mysterious decay of savages before white men.

"Let us now turn to our attempts on a higher race, the degenerated and Arabianized descendants of a great people, the Egyptians. Here there is much ability to work on and also a good standard of comfort and morality, conformable to our notions. Yet the planting of another civilization is scarcely to be borne by them. The Europeanized Egyptian is in most cases the mere blotting-paper of civilization, absorbing what is most superficial and undesirable. Yet some will say: Why not plant all we can? What can be the harm of raising the intellect in some cases, if we cannot do it in all? The harm is that you manufacture idiots. Some of the peasantry are taught to read and write, and the result of this burden which their fathers bore not is that they become fools. I cannot say this too plainly; an Egyptian who has had reading and writing thrust on him is, in every case that I have met, half-witted, silly or incapable of taking care of himself. His intellect and his health have been undermined and crippled by the forcing of education.

"Our bigoted belief in reading and writing is not in the least justified when we look at the mass of mankind. The exquisite art and noble architecture of Mykenae, the undying song of Homer, the extensive trade of the bronze age, all belonged to people who never read or wrote. The great essentials of a valuable character—moderation, justice, sympathy, politeness and consideration, quick observation, shrewdness, ability to plan and prearrange, a keen sense of the uses and properties of things—all these are the qualities on which I value my Egyptian friends, and such qualities are what should be evolved by any education worth the name. The greatest educational influence, however, is example. This is obvious when we see how rapidly the curses of our civilization spread among those unhappily subjected to it.

"The contact of Europeans with lower races is almost always a detriment, and it is the severest reflection on ourselves that such should be the case."—N. Y World.

—The desire to be beloved is ever restless and unsatisfied; but the love that flows out upon others is a perpetual well-spring from on high.—L. M. Child.

WOMAN AND HOME.

COMMANDS A REGIMENT.

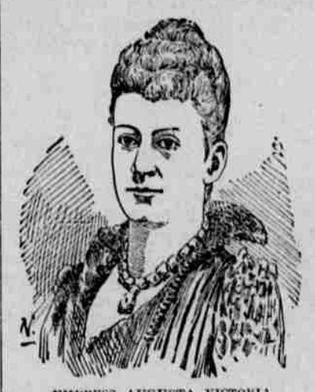
Empress Augusta Victoria Is a Full-Fledged Colonel—In Nominal Charge of One of the Finest Organizations in the Prussian Army—Famous Queen Louise One of Her Predecessors.

It is not generally known that the empress of Germany is a full-fledged colonel of one of the finest regiments in the vast army of the empire.

The advent of the new woman has nothing to do with the military prominence of this lady. The dead and gone German queens were colonels before the new woman was ever thought of. The dowager empress is also a colonel and so are a number of other women of the royal house of Germany. Of course their military standing is largely nominal. There is not one chance in 10,000 that these queens and duchesses will ever do anything more warlike than don a pretty feminine edition of the uniform of a favorite regiment and review the soldiers on some festival occasion.

That is about all that King William's wife does, but her soldiers feel that they are more honored than the average, and to be a member of the queen's regiment is esteemed a most fortunate piece of good luck.

The regiment colonoled by the empress is known as the queen's regiment



EMPRESS AUGUSTA VICTORIA.

of Pommeranian cuirassiers. Its war record is a most brilliant one, it having been the favorite regiment of Frederick the Great. On June 4 last the command celebrated the 150th anniversary of the greatest battle it ever fought.

The celebration took place at Passewalk, near Berlin, and the empress, on a fine military charger and wearing the uniform of her command, reviewed the troops. The empress is a fine horsewoman and gets almost as much pleasure out of the evolutions as her husband.

The battle celebrated was that of Hohen-Friedberg. The regiment was then under the command of Frederick the Great, and attacked the combined Austrian and Saxon forces. It was due entirely to the heroic work of the soldiers of the Bayreuth dragoons, as the regiment was then called, that the battle was won. They made 2,500 prisoners, captured 66 battleflags, 20 cannon, and conquered ten regiments of Austria's best veteran troops.

The regiment is one in which the reigning family of Germany takes a peculiar interest. It was founded on June 1, 1721, by Frederick William I., king of Prussia, and father of Frederick the Great. The reigning family was descended from Frederick of Hohenzollern, a German count in 980, and Frederick William, the elector of Brandenberg, 1640-88, whose son, the king of Prussia, was the founder of the regiment which was first called the Schulenberg dragoons. Later it was called the Bayreuth dragoons, but upon the death of the late count of Bayreuth in 1808, it was given its present title.

In 1805 the famous Queen Louise took upon herself the title of colonel of this regiment, and since then all the succeeding wives of the Prussian kings have done the same. Queen Louise inspected her regiment regularly, and took great interest in its welfare. Then, as now, the uniform was white, but in the battle of Hohen-Friedberg it was clothed in light blue. In 1819, two years before the celebration of its 100th anniversary, the regiment was changed from dragoon to cuirassier.

From the ranks of the Pommeranians the queen's guard, which is always new, is chosen. This guard is commanded by an officer of the regiment, and he is held responsible for the safety of the royal lady. The guard has quarters near the imperial palace and is on an equal footing with the garde du corps, which looks out for the safety of the emperor.

In all the great wars that Germany has had in the last century and a half, the Pommeranians have taken a prominent part. There is nothing feminine about the fighting abilities of the regiment, notwithstanding that its colonel is a woman. It was regarded as the best regiment of all the German forces in the Franco-Prussian war, and the old Emperor William, in the heat of battle, often called out: "Where are the Hohen-Friedbergers?"

The Pommeranians have their own band, the musicians being mounted upon fine horses. It is the ambition of the little Princess Victoria Louise, the only daughter of the empress, to be a colonel of a regiment. She regards her mother as the finest soldier in the land when the empress is gowned in her uniform.

How to Prepare Orange Souffle.

Cover a half box of gelatine with a half cup of cold water and soak half an hour. Take the juice of six oranges, which should measure a pint, stir into it two-thirds of a cup of sugar. Stand the gelatine over hot water until dissolved, then add it to the orange juice and sugar, and when it begins to thicken stir in one pint of whipped cream. Turn into a mold and stand away to harden.

Wilted roses can be restored by placing the stems in hot water for a minute.

TWO TESTED RECIPES.

A Rich Pie and Cookies That Are Perfectly Harmless.

Tutti-Frutti Pie.—A delicious fruit pie, which is a sort of mock mince, may be made in the following manner: Take a pound of selected figs (perfernably those packed in California, as being cleaner), wash them thoroughly, and stew until swelled to their natural size. Cut off their stems and put them into a chopping-bowl. Add a half pound of seedless raisins, the same amount of prepared currants, a little citron, a sprig of candied ginger, one large juicy apple peeled, and the juice and entire rind of a lemon.

Chop all of these ingredients together evenly, and when minced quite fine stew for five minutes in sufficient liquor of the figs to cover the fruit. Add one cup of granulated sugar, one grated nutmeg, a pinch of cloves and one of cinnamon, bake in a pie with a lattice-top, from paste which is not too rich.

A suitable recipe for such puff paste may be made thus: To a pint of flour, take a quarter of a pound of lard, a pinch of salt, a pint of ice water and one-half of a pound of good butter. Cut the lard into the flour with a knife, add salt and mix the water into this, until a dough is formed. Roll out lightly. Spread the surface with its bits of butter, sprinkle with flour, roll up, proceeding in a like manner until all of the butter is used, perhaps four or five times. This is an excellent pie-crust for such a rich pie, although scarcely "short" enough for an ordinary fruit or custard filling, in which case three-quarters of a pound of butter should be used. This tutti-frutti pie may be made also of stewed prunes, instead of figs, and perhaps to the taste of many persons would be improved by the substitution. It is better when eaten the same day as baked, but will prove palatable the day following also, when quite cold. This quantity will make several pies.

Kindergarten Cookies.—In most of our modern schools for advanced babies, it is required that each shall bring a luncheon for one day in the week, usually on Friday. Bread and butter with jelly, fresh fruit and some sort of light, digestible cakes are advised. During the session, the teacher varies the exercises by training her pupils in the courtesies of the table, and improves their manners thereby. An excellent recipe for light cookies, such as children dearly love to munch, is given herewith: One egg, one and one-half cups sugar, one cup sour cream, one even teaspoonful soda, one-half of a grated nutmeg, flour enough to roll out. Sprinkle with sugar when in the pans, and flatten the half of a bleached almond in the top of each. The most fastidious mamma could not object to her child's fondness for these light sweet cakes, containing no butter.—Detroit Free Press.

VINAIGRETTE HOLDER

Chatelaine Attachments the Only Relief in These Pocketless Days.

Since women will not have pockets in their gowns, or, more properly speaking, since dressmakers will not permit the existence of these useful adjuncts, there seems no other way for the shopping impedimenta of the gentle sex to be carried about than by being strapped to the belt. The ordinary chatelaine bag becomes a satchel if more than change, purse, handkerchief and memorandum goes into it, yet often more is needed. The suburban woman hesitates, for example, to pass a day in town in the fatigue of a shopping round without her

A VINAIGETTE PURSE.

bottle of reviving salts, but how to carry it is a problem. A London manufacturer seems to have solved it in the accompanying illustrated salts'-bottle pocket, in which the useful vinaigrette may rest and swing from the belt.

Everything Is Perfumed Now.

So great has the rage for perfume become that in some of the expensive New York shops perfumed gloves, ribbons and artificial flowers are sold with any desired odor. The perfumed gloves are really excellent, as kid retains a perfume as long as it lasts; in fact, the great perfumers are now putting up their most expensive perfumes in the form of kid; it is called peau d'heliotrope, peau d'violette, or whatever the odor may be, and is sold in squares six or eight inches square, and the merest scraps of this skin will perfume an entire garment thoroughly. The great dressmakers and corsetiers sew strips of it into their confections, and the perfume lingers always.

Cream of Rice with Cherries.

Put a pint of milk over the fire. Moisten four tablespoonfuls of rice flour with a little cold water and add to the boiling milk; stir and cook about three minutes. Add half a cup of sugar, take from the fire, stir in a teaspoonful of vanilla and stir in the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Put a layer of this in the mold, then a layer of cherries, then another layer of cream, and so continue until the mold is full. Serve with a soft custard made from the yolk of the eggs.